

THE
 POPES COMPLAINT TO HIS
 MINION CARDINALS,
 AGAINST THE GOOD
 successe of the BOHEMIANS
 and their generall Proceedings.
 (17)

*Non pacem petimus superi,
 Date gentibus iras:
 Nunc urbes excite feras,
 Coniuret in arma mundus.*

Lucan: Lib. 3. Pharsal:

The Speakers Names:

Pope **PAVLVS QVINTVS, A Burgheſian:**

BVRGHESIVS	} Cardinalls.
CESARIO	
ROMANO	

A Dominican **FRYER:**
PASQVILL.

Strangulat inſuſus dolor atq; exaeſtuat in-
ſus:

Ouid. triſlib: Lib. 3.



THE

(1)

THE
POPES COMPLAINT
to his Cardinalls against
BOHEMIA.

POPES.

O My *Casario*! what shall we doe now?
Since men dare thus our Proiects disallow;
Deride our Curses, and make slight our Power,
Scoffe at Religion, as if now the hower
Were come indeed to pull downe *Babilon*,
For so our Citie *Rome* they raile vpon.

They will no more our Indulgences haue,
Nor Trentals, Dirges, Masses, doe they craue:
They laugh at Purgatoryes flames and fire,
Deny our Merits, onely doe desire
Saluation from the Passion of our Lord,
And all Our Canons are by them abhord:
To heare the *Aue* Bell is made a sporte,
Vnto Confession none will scarce resort,
So that I feare, of Christian libertines
We Atheists shall become, by outward signes:

Casario.

Your Holines hath tolde a grienous tale,
Made faint my hart, my bloodles cheekes looke pale,
I quake to haue You thus affrighted bee;
And yet there is no cause, for ought I see.

A 2.

No

(2)

Pope.

No cause *Cesaris*, why? I then begin
To tell the cause: what care I for their sinne?
Or whether men in world liue ill, or well:
Or whether dying, goe to Heauen or Hell?
Whether that Princes swell with heat of pride,
Or doe make hatefull warres on euery side?
Whether whole Countries subjugate each other?
Deny the Faith, and all their vices smother?
So we doe holde Supremacie secure,
Haue certaine wayes our *Annals* to assure,
Keep them in awe, that dare withstand our Cursse,
Blessing the meanes which doe enrich our Purse:
So we our Glory and delights maintaine,
Or else, what hath beene done is all in vaine.

Cesaris.

Why so ye doe: who dare oppose your Plea?
Who sendeth not for Blessings to your Sea?
Who is not correspondent to your Will,
Seeking your Holy pleasure to fulfill?
Except some scatterd *Lutherans* of late,
As Malcontents for their deuoist Estate,
Some scrambling Scismaticks, penurious fooles,
A few of Hereticks in wrangling Schooles,
A common tricke of Sathans for contention,
As in all times the Church hath had dissention:

Pope.

Some few! Aye me, how can you say some few?
When that whole Kingdomes (as it is too true)
Haue thrived in reuolts from our designes,
And packing sent our Legats and Assignes:

Who

Who cares in *England* for our threates or hate?
Scotland is worſſe in matters of debate,
 In *Ireland* our Priests are made a pray,
 The other Northerne Kingdomes keep away:
France is our eldest Sonne, but what can *France*
 Doe gainst him ſelfe, our Power to aduance?
 The *Netherlands* Tryumph for Their rejection,
 And from their natiue Princes seek annection
 To other Soueraigntie, and ne'r againe
 Will once obay, or *Austria* or *Spaine*:

But of all others, Curſt be that prowd Towne,
 Prowd of a Fennish Lake to beare Vs downe:
 And as they thinke, impregnable to stand,
 Scorne all the Forces that may come by Land:
 These led the Dance, and these doe boast of Time
 Three hundred yeares agoe, that all their Clime,
 The *Zwitzers*, *Cantons*, and the *Grisons* haue
 Sought our Religious *Orgies* to depraue:
 And so by them was *Wickliffe* taught to stray,
 And the *Waldenses* tooke the wronger way:
 Then followed *Hierome*, and *Bohemian Hufſe*,
 And other Satanists, who did discusse
 Gainst our good Discipline, and made a breach
 By *Germane* Factions, as their Church did teach:
 So that a Prouince I can scarce now name,
 Who as Aposta't incurre not defame:

But neuer had the Deuill ſuch a trick,
 That strooke it home, and touch't vs to the quicke:
 To raise a Frier to withstand a Prince!
 O God how *Luther* dared not long ſince

Germane

(4)

Our mightie *Charles* affront vnto his face,
And gainst our Sea proclaymed all disgrace;
But more then these? the *Grecian* Church complaines,
That they are poor, and we haue all the gaines.
They liue deprest, wee doe vsurpe their pride,
They were the first, we triumph on each side.
So they had rather liue in seruitude,
Then for the *Latines* any way conclude.

Casario.

If it be so, rowse vp your Holinesse,
And be the same you doe your selfe professe,
Peters successor, both to binde and loose,
Open the Churches Treasure, and out-choose
Your Bulles, your Curses, Fulminations,
With all those Maledicting Relations,
That haue in former times kept Kings in awe,
And made the Empire subiect to your Lawe.

Dominicke.

With Reuerence vnto the Papacy,
(And awfull care to *Peters* Legacy)
Let a poor Frier open now his minde,
For well I see there much remains behinde:
Alas, alas, what now will Curses doe?
Or Bulles, or Threatnings? If they all put to
Their helping hand, more then in former times,
To make a scoffe at our poor Friars Rimes?

Not long agoe, we did begin with *Spayne*,
Charles. 5. Both Sonne and Father we thought to restrayne:
But for the Father, *Burbon* sack't our Cittie,
Teaching the Cloistred Nunnes to cry for pittie,

The

The Matrons, Virgins, wrung their hands for ruth;
 To see such rauishments of chastest Youth,
 Yea, all both sortes and sexes did lament
 Those foule outragies, to their discontent:

And for the Sonne durst *Alas* Duke controule,
 The *Conclau*e and the *Pope* him selfe, whose soule
 He baited, hunted with strong inference
 Of Pastorall duties, and more consequence
 Of humane clemency, religious Zeale,
 Humbled regard, and after did appeale
 To Iesus Christ himselfe against that Cursse,
 That made the Armies, and the Cause the worffe:
 And this was all wee got by our fine skill;
 Which they call Tyrannie, as others will
 Disclaime the like: For when our Father had
 That Prince of Princes, so reputed bad,
 That great *Elizabeth* out of the Church
 With Menaces cast, we fell in the Lurch:
 She as a Rocke immoueable did stand,
 And all our Priests were hated in her Land:
 Yea, other Princes from their strong Allyance,
 Prepared to withstand our strange defiance.

Come nearer home! what did our Threatning worke,
 But rowse the sleeping Lyon, who did lurke
 Cowchant before, and by *St. Mark* his Charme
 Resolued was to doe vs no great harme:
 But when we would not so appeased stand,
 He Panther-like opened his stronger hand,
 And shewed his Tallents, when within his reach,
 The Prey was come: so *Venice* made a breach

Philipp. 2.

Against

Against our Wallles: Yea, hilly *Sauoy* dare
To counterchecke our Discipline not spare,
And therefore sure when we are thus withstood,
These Bulles and Fulminations doe no good:

Burghesius.

Then doe as *Peters* vision biddeth vs,
Both kill and eate, what need we more discusse?
If mansuetude cannot confirme our Sate,
Let slaughters on each side quench the debate:
Some, either loue or money will perswade;
Or hope of Blisse, such Tyrants to inuade:

Dominick.

O say not so; this makes vs odious,
And is against Religion dangerous:
Looke into holy Writ, and you shall finde,
How Regicides haue still bene cast behinde,
The Captaines, that kild *Ishobosheth*, were slaine,
And he which fell on *Saul*, lyed all in vaine:
Thus of the rest: But come to later times,
Was not stout *Nassaus* murders counted Crimes?
Reueng'd with punishment, abhor'd with hate,
And made a cause of malice, and debate?

Prince of
Orange.

What got we by those *Henries* of *France*,
Kild by our *Jacobines*, whome to aduance
With Saint-like honour, *Rome* did nothing spare?
But then alas, the Princes did declare
Vpon the same, our enemies profest:
The *Hugonites* grewe strong, and did detest
Such crueltie, yea with Inuestiues durst
For that foule Sinney, holde *Rome* herselfe accurst.

And

And as for *England*, as of late was seene,
 The strange Attempts against that peerelesse *Queene*
 (For so I needs must say, how e're wee know
 Shee was seduced another way to goe :)
 Affected with Remorse, such as so wrought,
 That Catholickes themselves, e'ill of Vs thought.

But when I once the Powder Treason name,
 I doe protest, I tremble at the same,
 And must confesse the Deuill disappointed,
 By such a Stratagem 'gainst Gods annoynted.
 For how so ere Kings in Religion faile;
 Yet *Cyrus* is Gods seruant to preuaile
 In his designs, and they Vicegerents are
 For good or bad, to manage all his warre :

Nay come to Fryer *Paul* of *Venice* State,
 Whose Life so many wayes was sought of late :
 It makes me thinke vpon the stubborne *Jewes*,
 Who *Pauls* good Doctrine did so much refuse,
 That Vowes were made to kill him in the way,
 But he preuented them : Thus, thus I say
 To kill will doe no good, but cause the Foe
 More stronger with an armed Guard to goe,
 And raise a Scandall on your Fatherhood,
 Tearing the Cardinalls the Serpents broode,
 That haue no better meanes the Truth to teach,
 But Lessons of foule Murther still doe Preach :

Romans.

Then let vs doe as *Machabaus* did,
 When the poore *Jewes* were in the Mountaines hid,

B

For

For feare of proude *Antiochus*: take Armes;
 Rowse vp our Courages with warlike charmes,
 Summon our Friends, open our Treasures store:
 Aduance the Churches Standard, and before
 The Armies Catholicke with Blessings goe,
 These Cartiffe Heretickes to ouerthrow.

Dominick.

This fauors better then the former twaine,
 For this is Manly, Princely: Yet againe
 How shall wee thus preuailingly proceed,
 When our own Countries are not well agreed?
 It is not now, as when our *Innocent*
 Did treade vpon the Dragon, and was bent
 To sommon *Fredericke* to *Rome* high Throne,
 Where that his Holinesse as on a Stone,
 Did set his Foote vpon the Emperors necke,
 The proudest Monarchies to counterchecke!
 It is not now, as when three Dayes together,
Henry the Third (though *Caesar*) in foule weather
 Did Bare-leg wayte with his Empresse and Sonne,
 Eu'n at your Pallace Gate: Men then begun
 To reuerence the Church, and durst not stray,
 From true Religion the wronger way:
 It is not now, as when our *Pandulph* came
 To Englands *John*, and taught him a strange Game
 Of poore Submission, least French *Lewis* might,
 Dismiss him of his Dignity, and Right!
 It is not now, as when *Henry* the Fifth
 That *Germane* Prince, his Father durst ouer Lifer

From

From the Imperiall Seate at your behest,
 And raisd such Armies, when you did request!
 It is not now, as when that you Deuisde
 For *Milaine*, *Naples*, and great State premisde
 For *Charles* of *France*, so deare to *Peters* Chaire,
 So Louing, Carefull, True, and Debonaire;
 That hee brought downe his Troopes to Vs amaine,
 And surely ment the Empire to regaine,
 When of *Constantinople* hee was Crown'd
 Chiefe Emperor, and so most Warlike found
 Against your then supposed Foe: Vntill
 That *Panies* Battaile wrought a fatal ill!
 It is not now, as when the Priests and Friers,
 Stucke to their Beades with limited Desires,
 And went no further then a motion,
 To stirre vp men to true Deuotion,
 Were not transcendent in their Practises,
 Nor past themselues in Forraine extacies:
 For on my Soule, If euer *Rome* had crosse,
 Or Subject must bee vnto greater losse:
 It is the stirring *Iesuites* that wrought it,
 And they as Clergy polliticks haue sought it.

Good GOD what hath Religion to doe
 But with Religion, men to stirre and wooe
 To Holy duties, Sanctitie of Life,
 Pennance for sinne, to Cure debates and strife,
 To saue the Soules of such as goe astray
 Like silly Ignorants the wronger way.
 So that I know not, as the Case now stands,
 But Mischiefe is on foote in Christian Lands:

And to my feare I speake when you make tryall,
The end will bee our Scorne, or worfe Deniyall.

You send to *Albert*, as a Grandfires Sonne,
Not doubting but an Vnckles name hath wonne,
Much of regard: An answer soone is made,
Hee Liues and Dyes vnder the *Austrian* shade,
But 'las for him! These Flenmish Burgers range
As farre as *Cleue*, and stand in euery Grange,
Strong in their Courts of Guard, and will not yeeld
To giue him way in any Towne, or Field.

You send to *France*, why *France* is scarce her owne,
The Protestants then Catholickes are growne
More strong, and such are their Great Princes Power,
That no man knowes against them at this hower
Who may preuaile: but onely this is plaine,
They cannot spare a man to goe in vaine:

You send to *Phillip* Catholicke, and Sonne,
Who hath so many Crownes, & Countries wonne,
But how shall they be kept on Head secure
Without great force? and how shall he endure
To raise a forraigne Army for your sake,
That was compeld a sodaine Peace to make
With your worst friends? Expect not ayde from thence
Sufficiently to further your pretence:

You send to *Pole*, hath *Pole* no Warres in hand
With *Turkes*, with *Sweues*, or with the neighbour Land?
And are you sure the Passages are free,
Silesia's Gates, and Countries opened bee?
Is not *Lusatia* shut, *Moravia* gon,
And how can *Poles* reliefe bee hoped on?

Except

Except some stragling *Cossacks* heere and there,
As of all Nations you the like may heare :

As for the *Cantons*, *Swisse*, and *Grisons* stout,
It is but folly for to goe about
Their succor's more then Mercenary pay,
And so to either side they make their way :

I neede not name your Principates about yee,
Nor other Prouinces that are without yee,
Of whome some watch the *Turke*, some are at jarre
Amongst themselues, some for to raise a Warre
Haue little meanes, lesse men, and lesser minde,
And so must prooue vnto your Sea vnkinde.

But in a worde, the Princes are so strong
Of this last Vnion, that the meanest Wrong
Done vnto one, is done vnto another,
A Brother cannot better loue a Brother.

Pope.

Then it should seeme, wee shall let all alone,
And sigh, and weepe, and crye, lament and grone :
Pule at this outrage, kisse the scourging Rod,
And onely like a Childe, crye out O GOD!
Giue way to Rumor, and with Patience,
Beare the report of Shame with feeling sence.

One day doth bring vs newes, that *Bohem* Darc
Against their Emperour themselues declare;
Rejecting *Austria*, as it were in scorne,
Forfaking Vs, as if wee were forlorne :
Another Day reportes, the *Palatine*,
With other *Lutherans* a League combine

That traytorlike haue Crowned him a King
 Against his Soueraigne, and Encomions sing
 For many good successes, as they thrive
 In warlike Stratagems, and doe contriue
 To raise more Forces, send abroad to Friends,
 Proposing stranger thinges for stranger ends.

Bohemia has a Prince borne in the Towne,
 The Warres preuaile, their Foes are beaten downe,
 Our *Ferdinand* doth Droope, *Vienna* standes
 As in a maze, folding their Armes and handes.
 The people throng in heapes and flocke a pace,
 In euery Towne, to hearken our Disgrace:
Bucquoy is beaten, and *Dampire* is fled,
 the *Polish Cossacks* they are slaine and Dead:
 The Troopes are ouercome; and in the Field
 Two thousand lost, Foure hundred they did yeeld,
Anholt and *Mansfield*, had a glorious Day,
 Besides reuolters, who still runne away,
 And leaue their Prince to serue a Strangers turne,
 Oh that consuming Fier might them burne!

But heer's not all: for now to Vexe vs more,
 Then either they, or Wee thought of before,
 They looke for Ayde from *Brittaine*, Horse and Foote,
 With vnbeleecued Sommes of Golde to boote:
 Which *London* Heretickes of their free Guist,
 For to disburse with Largenes haue made shift:
 Nay when they heare Religion is the Cause,
 They flocke amaine without or stop or pause:
 But when they talke of *Romes* great ouerthrow?
 They clap their handes for Ioy, and so doe show

Their

Their Hate to Vs, wishing no other Warre
 Nor recompence for all their Coyne : Thus farre,
 These heauy headed Dutch haue wrought their ends,
 And doe increase, as wee decay in Friends.

Casario.

Then I perceiue it needes must end with blowes,
 And if successe attend : Our Lady knowes
 To what a mountaine of foule Prodegies,
 Their Pride may rise to with their Victories.

But are you sure the Emperour hath sent
 For succour into *Spain*, as it was ment,
 Rather to breake off Peace & Leagues with all,
 Then see the *Austrian* Diadem to fall,
 And this me thinks your Holinesse might moue
 By speciall Embassly, and so reprove
 Their great retardance, which hath giuen them leaue
 Refractory to growe, as I conceiue:

Dominicke.

Then you conceiue amisse, nor are you wise,
 To make your Passion author of aduise,
 Greatest Designes attend on Circumstance,
 And sauerie Pollicie must them Aduance:
 For if hee start from *England*, as it stands,
 Or breake the League with *Hollands* Netherlands,
 How can Hee all these turnes supply together,
 Or keepe his Nauy safe, from raging weather?
 Whereas to temporise and to renue
 A stronger League by Peace, this may ensue,
 That all those Forces, which hee well can spare
 With so much Treasure, as his Princely care

May:

May husband for this purpose, shall be sent
 Vnto th' Imperiall Townes incontinent:
 Then with some more Security they may
 From *Naples*, *Millaine*, *Sicell*, March away
 Those trayned Garisons, filling their roomes
 With other *Spaniards*, and new come Groomes:
 Yet take you heede, this can but once bee done,
 And that's well ended, which is well begun:
 But marke their Passages so hard to finde,
 As *Swisse* and *Grisons* proue to them vnkinde:
 (For if your Holines wish for a Brother,
 No way but this: You cannot name another)
 From *Millaine* to *Vienna* must they goe,
 Ouer fise Mountaines full of Ice and Snowe,
 And in the Summer, which is strange to tell,
 It is not for their Marches halfe so well:
 Yet in extreames there is no remedy,
 Patience beares out the greatest extacy.
 Well let them goe, health and good Spirits guide them,
 And all the Saincts of Heauen goe beside them:
 For I am sure, whether they March or Troope,
 The third man in the Trauaile needs must Droope.

Burghesius.

Then holy Sir your Legate send to *France*,
 Who cannot but this Cause as much Aduance,
 Or rather more: For *France* is eldest Sonne
 Vnto our *Rome*, and should with ease bee wonne.

Dominick.

Are you a *Conclanist*, and know no more,
 Of *France* her State? you might haue heard before

That

That *Condyes* Prince, and others of esteeme,
 Would with their bloods Religion redeeme;
 And stand 'gainst all Edicts vpon their Guard,
 Hoping at last to haue a good award:
 Yet for all this hath *Ferdinando* Writ,
 (How euer *Bolloigne* did mislike of it:)
 That some Commaunder might him Forces bring,
 With loue and liking of the youthfull King,
 Nor did hee thus, as barely, without charge:
 But in good Termes declare his minde at Large.

Most Noble Prince remember *Charles* the Great
 Supported *Rome*, and got th' Imperiall Seate:
 As of the Church only Protector cal'd,
 Which was by *Goths* and *Saracens* enthal'd,
 And thereupon is *France* the eldest Sonne,
 And for true valour hath such honour wonne:
 Then be not now to Catholicks vnkinde,
 But let vs your Reliefe as Princely finde.

A second Inference he had from Blood,
 Which seem'd amongst the Statists neer as good:
 The *Emperour* was Vncle to the *Queene*,
 As may within the Records well be seene:
 This he enforst from bond of Amitie,
 Arising out of Consanguinitie.

A third was Morall, from protection
 Of other Princes in rejection,
 Oh for to help distressed, is a glory,
 As you may read in many an ancient Story.

The fourth had ground vpon good Policie,
 Of iust reuenge to scourge iniquitie:
 Revolts I meane, and disobedience
 To lawfull Kings, from a strong inference

Of Treason in their foule enormous Crimes,
As hath appeared in all moderne Times :

5 The fitt was taken from a Holy feare,
Least that the *Turke* might of these troubles heare,
And so the youth of *Othoman* awake,
Aduantages of our Distresse to take,
And then no doubt they might repent too late,
That e're they durst the *Austrian* house amate.

Burghesius.

And was not this well Vrg'd ? nay was it not
A president for Princes to haue got,
Of excitation 'gainst so great a Foe,
That sure will worke more mischief and more woe ?
If *Poland* heard of this, or *Russia*,
If *Denmarke*, *Pomeran*, and *Persia*,
If Triple Crowned *Brittaine* knew it sure,
Hee would the same as forcible endure :
If *Venice*, *Sauoy*, *Florence*, and the rest
Were taught this Lesson, they would count it best :
Yea eu'n the *Cantons* and the *Snowy Vales*,
Could not repute it as some olde wiues Tales :
But for the Good of *Christiian* Nations,
The League make strong by Combinations.

Dominick.

I doe confesse it hath some outward show
Of a preualent Reason : But on to goe
The dogged Duke of *Bolloigne*, as I heare
To *Burbon* and the rest a Dangerous Peere,
Hath answerd all : Retorting Argument
To *Austria*, thus of greater Consequent.

1 Touching the First : *Religion* is no Plea !
Nor *Ferdinand*, did so affect our Sea :

But

But eu'n the *Catholicks* of best esteeme,
 Were still enforst their Freedomes to redeeme;
 Affrighted were with Cruelties, and Pride
 Of *Austrias* house extended on each side,
 Found Great *Mathias* sterne, this man too heady,
 Vnconstant, Cruell, and in Truth vnsteady:
 And now they liue vnder this Nouelist
 More quiet farre, as doing what they list.

The second with like reason Answer had:
 The greatest Monarchies (though ne'r so bad)
 Were Fathers of their Kingdomes, and to looke
 Vnto their Subjects Peace, which they forooke
 As Tyrants, if they brought them to a Warre
 Against their willes, of perill, or too farre:
 And how could *France* dilacerate her State;
 Empty her Treasure at so great a rate,
 Send Forces to a Forraine Prince, and leaue
 Her Natiue children? This were to bereaue
 Them of their dearest Liues: For why at home,
 Mischiefe enough in euery Towne did come.

Besides, vnto *Bohemias* King there is
 So great Allyance, if I doe not misse,
 That neuer Prince in any Age had more,
 Nor could Catalogue such a Role before:
 Great *Brittaine* by his Daughter calls him Sonne,
Denmarke and *Norway* on his side are wonne:
 The one an Vnckle, as is *Braunswicke* knowne,
 The other as a Friend with *Sweden* growne:
 The Prince of *Orange* is so neere in Blood,
 That I am sure hee'le doe him any good.
 His other Kindred come from *Brandenburgh*,
 With many a Count, and Duke of *Wittenburgh*,

I name not *Bolloigne*, nor *Confederates*
 With many Princes in their best estates,
 Nor doe I twenty Prouinces recite,
 With all their Lords of full sufficient might,
 Who are his owne: so that (if Reason yield)
 They must be drawne into the bloody Field.

3 As for the third, the matter that doth driue
 The Mill, doth drowne it: For if you contriue
 The Argument from former charitie,
 Or Lawes of Nations louing amitie,
 To ayde distressed Princes: then hath *France*
 Farre lesse to doe the *Austrians* to aduance,
 Then help the *Palatine*: For who knowes not,
 When they had newes of both our *Henries* got
 And of their murthers, they did laugh out right,
 As if they meant remonstrance of despight:
 And when Duke *Henrys* to *Matthias* went,
 They with a scornfull Answer home him sent,
 Bidding yong *Lewis* looke himselfe about him,
 And no way meddle with the thinges without him:
 For why, the Message had relation
 Vnto the concord of each Nation?
 As for the *Palatine*, he friendly stood,
 And with great sommes of Money did them good:
 Therefore if that the succourlesse haue aide,
 To help *Bohemia* they are well appaide.

4 The fourth did no way fasten well together,
 For Treason or reuolts (euen choose you whether)
 Were different in States Electiue, and
 Such as by Claime of Heritance did stand,
 Nor was the *Austrian* house enscost so sure
 Vnto the Empire, but it might endure

Fraction of numbers: As for President,
 They haue example of great consequent:
 First *France* the Westerne Monarchy posselt,
 How e're the *Germans* could it not digest:
 Then they contriu'd a strong Election
 Conditionall in the reiection:
 Nor is it Newes an Emperour to haue,
 From other *German* Princes layde in Grane,
 And so hath *Hungar* and *Bohemia*
 Had Kings at once, though not of *Austria*,
 And therefore this had poorest Inference,
 As hauing to that Crowne a reference;
 So that to name Reuolts in such a case
 Vpon the scanning would the cause Disgrace.

As for an Interceding, which they bring,
 That *Ferdinand* was chosen once their King,
 Compulsion they doe Answer is no Lawe,
 And then the Faction kept them all in awe:
 So that it was not orderly contriu'd,
 But soone Reuerside by such, as now suruiu'd.

The last was weakest of them all: The *Turke*
 Would by this meanes all *Europe* set on worke:
 Nay saide the *Bolloigne* Duke, if it bee so,
 There is no fence against the King to goe.
 For then the Warres must needs protracted bee,
 And greater troubles wee shall dayly see:
 The onely way our strength for to Increase,
 Is for the Emperour to aske a Peace,
 And with the King of *Boheme* to Combine
 A League of amitie, or else resigne,
 As from the First, vnto Election
 Of the Seauen Princes, whose connection

May well, if all State matters so dispose,
 As perfect Friends be made of greatest Foes:
 Thus writ the Duke, and saueour how it list,
 How er'e your Holines may thinke he mist,
 As not acquaintiug *Rome* with these euent,
 Yet wrought it to the People great contents.

Romano.

Rather then thus: euen I my selfe will goe
 To *Turke* and *Tartars* for their farther woe:
 What, shall our Father and the Church submit
 To Traiterous Heretickes? Wee'l none of it:
 But raise vp Strangers to defend our cause,
 To vnderstand our Canons and our Lawes,
 To breake the necke of contumacious pride,
 And whip these drunken Scismaticks beside:
 And if the *Goshs* were cal'd The Scourge of God,
 Wee'l bruise them with a *Mahumetan* Rod.

Dominick.

Come, this is frency and no policy,
 No Zeale, religion, nor morallity:
 Because a finger akes, we therefore cut
 The whole hand off, and so still foolish, put
 The body vnto cauterising paine,
 As hauing greater cause still to complaine:
 For thus haue Kingdomes lost their liberty,
 And subiect bene vnto captiuitie.

Britaine for succour sundry Nations cal'd,
 Who in their feuerall times their freedoms thral'd,
 The bar'b'rous *Irisb* went for *Dermonds* Rape
 To *Englands* King, and so they did not scape.
 The *Grecian* Empire called Strangers in,
 Who presently did all their Countries win:

Yea

Yea *Spayne* hath felt the like, when *Julian Count*,
 In reckoning vp disgraces, did surmount
 In his reuenge about his Daughters crosse,
 When by the *Mores* it had so great a losse.
 And this will be the end of *Turkish* aide,
 Nay, in my soule I further am affraide
 That *Rome* shall feele their tyranny farre worffe
 Then any Warre, or Hereticks foule curffe.

Pope.

Yet something must be done; shall we giue way
 To all these Treasons, and not once assay
 To adde a Cataplasme vnto this wound,
 Which will the body of the Church confound?
 Shall we let *Ferdinand* be thus abused,
 And *Spayne* dispis'd, when *Austria* is refused?
 No sure, if God help not, the Deuill must,
 If euer man, or skill, or Arte did trust.

Dominicke.

O say not so, your Holines may take
 A calmer course, and all extreames forsake:
 Dismiss the bloudy *Iesuits* from hence,
 With all strange Projects doe your selfe dispence;
 Abstaine from murthers, cruelties and rage,
 Doe not the Church exotickly engage,
 But send abroad some holy Priests of Name,
 Who may with quietnes discourse their blame,
 Dispute with reason, and religious care,
 Teach them, of foule Damnation to beware,
 Plead out for Conscience, and true loue of God,
 Who else will whip them with a scourging Rod:
 Vrge their obedience vnto Kings of worth,
 Whose Government such profit bringeth forth.

Of

Of Peace and Plenty, that what'e're befall,
 They doe Religious Zeale professe in all :
 O'tis a comfort, When that men be wrought
 By gentlenes to God, and so are taught
 To yeeld by Loue, and not for flauish feare,
 Which makes but temporising, and doth beare
 Two faces in one hood : Therefore deare Sir
 Be rul'd by mee, and worke no further stirre.

Pope.

Come *Pasquill* I will talke with thee : For these
 Doe not my humour nor my fancy please ;
 What Councell dost thou giue, what shall be donne
 To worke the good of this Imperiall Sonne ?

Pasquill.

Who I ? of all the world you wrong me more
 To aske Aduise of me : Why ? I haue store
 Of stranger Newes ! I must proclaime a troth,
 Which Vncompeld I would bee very loth.
 I am to tell you Wonders, Prodegies,
 Inuectiues, Satyres, Rimes, and prophesies,
 There's not a Worde of mine, but must affright.
 Ill tuned Songs by day, slumbers by night,
 Affrighting Starres, and Apparitions,
 The burning Element with Visions :
 All tending still vnto a further matter,
 Then either Priest, or Cardinall dare clatter.

Pope.

Nay, like enough : eu'n Speake and spit thy gall,
 I am resolu'd, and meane to heare it all :
 When that the worst is past then better sure
 Shall bee proposde for Patience to endure.

Pasquill

Why this it is to stirre a sleeping Dogge:
 I all this time lay like a sencelesse Logge,
 But seeing now I vtter must my minde,
 Blame me not Sir, though I doe proue vnkinde,
 For sure the hand vpon *Belshazzers* wall,
 Did not so much, as my Tale must appall:
 That onely knokt the knees, and strooke amaze:
 This sunders heart and life! Nay doe not gaze,
 For though I sing a Song of vncouth ruth,
 Yet I doe vowe to answer nought but Truth.

They are with *Popes* and *Cardinals* so bolde,
 That all at *Rome* is now for Money solde:
 They talke of Tales in their mad Bedlam fitte,
 That *Naue lerou* and *Platina* hath writte
 'Gainst Two and twenty *Popes* of seuerall names,
 Who solde to Sathan vnto all their shames
 Their very soules for Necromanticke spels,
 Had diuers Magicke skils from sundry Hels,
 Working affrighting terrors in the Land,
 Euen in that place, where *Rome* it selfe doth stand.

They talke of Incest, Murther, actes of Treason,
 Of Sodomitry, and without all reason
 Name fortie fixe Delinquents in these kinde,
 Bishops Apostolicke to please their mindes.

They Catalogue 'gainst *Cardinals*, with store
 Of foule Inuectiues: what would you haue more?
 There's not a sinne the Deuill euer bred,
 But hath the *Cardinals* stood in some sted:
 Nay, they goe further, and a semblance make
 From *affricks* monsters, As you there doe take
 Notice of stranger Beasts, then are else-where:

So *Rome* begets such finnes, as All doe feare
A worse reuenge, then *Sodome* at the first
Felt, when in wrath the God of Hosts them curst.

They talke of Antichrist, of lyes, and wonders,
Of Plagues and pestilence, of stormes and thunders,
Of miracles, which *Cosmus* doth recite,
With other Authors, who long since did write
What strange euent in *Pontifician* Sea
Passed for currant, as a formall Plea.

They talke of irreligion by the way,
Of falsifying Scripture, Nay they say
There's nothing there but diuelish Heresie:
And filthy Scismes, sauering Apostacie:
Adding withall, a Friers deadly hate
To burne vp *Magnus*, though it was too late:
Onely because Printing was there inuented,
Which All the World so much hath since contented.

They leaue not so, but raise the dead to speake,
With thundring terrors hardned harts to breake.
They from the *Sybil's* Tales portentous tell
Of Antichrists damnation into Hell,
That *Rome* shall be deuasted, set on fier,
Pul'd downe to rubbish, by those that desier
Her yetter ruine, with her pride abated:
And this amongst them all is ofte related.

They forward doe proceed to holy Writ,
Which they auerre onely to ayme at it
With Character of whorish *Babylon*
The filthy Strumpet: Thus they cast vpon
Her beauteous face foulest aspersions,
Naming her *Isabel* by false inuersions.

The *Pope* himselfe they call that man of sinne,

And

And when so er'e to murmure they begin
 Against our Churches flourishing, they say
 A fatting Beast is kept for slaughter day.
 They roue at Brimstone, Sulphur, fier and flames,
 At Sword and Famine, and at stranger names,
 And all for *Romes* demolishing: O God!
 The very naming is a scourging rod.
 From *Iohns* Apocalips they forward goe
 To strange Predictions, and a hundred shoue
 Of our owne Saints and Writers, 'gainst your Sear,
 And with our owne rods doe the Carkas beat.
 Some talke of one *Baptista Nazarus*,
 And of a Monke surnamed *Lazarus*:
 Some of an Abbot *Isachimus* tell,
 Who of these thinges doth write exceeding well.
 Some *Paracelsus* name, *Laurentius*,
Theodoricke, *Merlin*, and *Hieronymus*,
 Some of *Iohn Wolsius* and *Grebnerus* speake,
 Whose Prophecies with terrors out doe breake.
 Some *Nostradamus*, *Gallus*, *Reymer*, name,
 With ditiers others, who long since defame
 The glory of our *Rome* and holy *Popes*,
 Seeking to blot out all religious hopes.

Not thus content, they come to *Hildegard*,
 A Saint and Nun, who sentence did award
 To this effecte, that *Rome* should purged be
 By sword and fier, as some Age shall see.
 They cite *Matilda* a professed Nunne,
 Who for her holines such credit wonne
 She plainly saith, that *Rome* must be destroyed,
 Because her filth hath all the world annoyed.

Elizabeth another Sainct is brought,
 Who by a stranger Prophecie so wrought,

That very Boyes the Day and time durst name
Of deuastation, to your vtter shame.

Saint *Bridget* was a fourth, of fearfull noate,
Who in her time cryed out with open throate
'Gainst *Popes* and *Popes*, 'gainst *Rome* and all her glory,
And of her Prophecies made a whole Story.

The last Saint *Katherine* of *Sienna* was,
Who brought as much discomfort: For alas
She talk'd of nothing, but repent, or die,
For *Babilow* must fall: The God on high
Had so disposde; and *Rome* was *Babilow*:
I dare no more: and thinke, that what is done
You raide it vp, as if a darkning Clowde
Should threaten rayne, when that the windes belowde.

Pope.

Now out vpon thy foule wide mouth, thy tongue
Out-rooted shall be, cause it is too long:
A Myne of Powder shall thy body blowe
Into the Ayre, and all thy ashes throwe
Into the Sea, that no more memory
Be made of this thy rauing extacy:

Pasquil.

And that were wisely done, but Sir, take heed,
From *Hidras* cut off head seauen other breed.

Pope.

And dar'st thou speake againe? then let's away:
I will not for a greater mischiefe stay:
For sure I see, that all the world's delighted
To haue Vs thus abused, and despighted.

FINIS.

*Terruerant satis hoc pauidam praesagis phetous,
Sed maiora premunt:*

Lucan. lib: 1.



